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EVOLUTION IN CIVILIZATION.

MACLEAN PRIZE ORATION. BY EDGEWORTH BIRD BAXTER.

HOWEVER bitter the suspicious enmity it met, at its birth, from short-sighted and narrow conservatism, the theory of Evolution in Nature is to-day one of the impregnable established generalizations of science. It has brought to light one more of the vast methods of the Creative mind. It has inspired progressive thought with a new motive; and hand-in-hand with history it is destined to bulwark the very faith that deemed it foe, as superstition and tradition are powerless to do.

When the enthusiasm of intellectual satisfaction which succeeds the advent of a great, controlling principle has at length allowed the mind to return to its suspended course of deliberate criticism and judicial insight, it begins to ask itself if it is not possible that in other spheres than that in which it first flashed into human ken, the governing power of this truth may subject to the sway of rigid law phenomena which have thus far seemed chaotic and capricious.

This instinctive simplifying tendency of the mind; this ceaseless craving to bring all the disassociated elements of the universe of being into harmonious accord under some grand unity of government—is the deepest homage which man can pay to Truth. And surely we may find in it alone sufficient argument for an attempt to extend the principle of evolution into the sphere of human civilization. But we are the more confident that the attempt is not chimerical, nor even unreasonable, because we believe that between the forms and phenomena of Civilization and of Nature there is more than an accidental resemblance—there is an analogy deep-seated and significant. We believe that the same agencies to which we ascribe the production and development of the differentiated forms of Nature will adequately explain the origin and growth of human institutions; and that between the “law of progress” in history—so vague and undefined in character and operation—and the “law of evolution” in Nature, a relation may be pointed out in agency, in process and in method, too intimate to be the result of chance and too instructive to be without value.

The Doctrine of Evolution holds that the explanation of all phenomena of organic development in Nature must be sought in the laws of environment; that there is a constant tendency of every organism to so mould itself that it may be most completely in harmony with the conditions under which it exists. Not more adequately does such an hypothesis account for the development of Nature’s varied forms than it explains the origin and differentiation of the institutions of history. But we are met at once with the question, “What is the environment here?” The answer is not far to seek. The environment of man’s institutions is man’s nature. It is his being in its every manifestation—his intelligence, his morality, his necessity; all that he is—all that he thinks. Every institution of society, of government, of religion, that is born into civilization, bears upon it the impress of this moulding agency. If it is to live on, it must

show itself in harmony with the environment that gave it its being and its character. If it passes away, its death is the best—nay, the only proof that its essential elements came ultimately to war with human intelligence or with human morality. A thoughtful comparison of the histories of the nations of the earth cannot fail to reveal that the characteristics which inhere in all humanity find expression in elements common to every civilization; and that there is not, and has never been, one essential difference between the civilizations of the world for which an explanation may not be found in deep-laid distinction between the peoples that created them. Neither is there caprice in the change of nations. Civilization neither advances nor retreats except as there is a *correlated, causal* elevation or degeneration of humanity. What man creates is but the shadow of what he is. Let knowledge attain to fuller proportions; let religion grow purer, and the change will be best recorded in the development of institutions. When Christianity comes, it works no greater revolution in men's individual morality than in their civilization; and its shaping power reached the institution only through the man. The rugged sternness of the Roman character at its best furnished an environment for a tense and vigorous philosophy of life which would have withered, like an unwatered plant, amidst the enervating luxuriousness of Orientalism.

Identical, thus, in agency, the development of the organisms of Nature and the individual forms of Civilization are according to the same *process*. As Nature's myriad organisms were brought by gradual development from a few homogeneous primordial germs, so human progress is nothing other than the differentiation of a few original, embodied ideas into innumerable forms which are most completely the product of the environment of human nature. In both spheres, change due to the process of evolution is slow and scarce perceptible. In neither do forms ever spring perfected into being without antecedents. There is

no leap from the simple to the complex. Human progress proceeds by intermediates—by infinitesimal increments. The decay of old institutions and the rise of new whose very life is sprung from the death of their antecedents are processes rigidly subject to the same fundamental principle as the birth and death of natural organisms. Let us not be misled into supposing that, because Humanity at large is intelligent, it therefore pauses at intervals, turns to examining the exponent of itself in its civilization, computes its distance from ideality, plans great reformations and deliberately undergoes proposed metamorphoses. Far from it. There are no such moments of grand self-judgment, there are no such gaps in history. Humanity is unconscious of its own growth. Humanity never calculates or predicts. Humanity sets no standards. In the creation of the forms of civilization it deals only with the *present*. It moves on its mysterious and imposing course at once intelligently and blindly—intelligent as to the moment, but blind as to the future. Men do not construct provisional systems as steps toward others more rational and more elaborately complete. They create for *themselves*, and not for generations who shall follow them. And because the vision of humanity never extends beyond the present need, human progress is delivered from the lawless caprice which would inevitably result from far forecasting. So in Civilization and in Nature, forms are born by degrees, and die by degrees; and the present rises phoenix-like from the ashes of the past. Things that now are, are but stages in the onward sweep of evolution to others not yet to be. Institutions may seem to spring up from the shallow soil of a present caprice—a national frenzy—but their roots stretch deep and far into the fertile immensity of the past. Revolutions are never sudden. They come slowly and their results are never strange. Humanity is always prepared for what happens, for of its own inmost nature the happening is born. Representative government differs much from absolutism, but

the world did not grow breathless at the appearance of the first republic. And just as no step in organic nature's development has been superfluous, so none of these marvellous creations which were the handiwork of humanity have been useless. The process of evolution had *need* of oppression, caste, and selfishness, ere it could arrive at liberty, equality and fraternity.

The principles already enunciated contain within themselves a sufficient proof that, alike in agency and process, the evolution of nature and of civilization are alike, finally, in *method*. If we reflect that in the struggle for existence of institutions which were the varied expressions of the same idea, those have always survived which we now, from our standpoint of advanced wisdom, know to have been the best fitted to promote the ultimate progress of the race, we must conclude that, in the last sphere, as in the first, there is a power of natural selection. Thus it is that institutions differ as the people who create them are different; for the very measure of fitness varies with the diversity of natural characteristics. Were it not so, there would result a confirmed discord between nations and their civilizations, a thing as impossible as a lack of harmony between natural organisms and their environment. The social conceptions of the Hindu and the Anglo-Saxon, bearing so slight a resemblance to each other, must and do find expression in social *forms* quite as distinct. It cannot be denied that in the course of history huge abortions have appeared, outraging human intelligence and human morality. But nature again furnishes abundant parallel phenomena, and our analogy is but strengthened the more by this similarity even in exceptions.

Thus, then, we trace those deep unities in the origin and development of the organisms of civilization and of nature which, though they may do no more, yet render reasonable the belief that they are the outcome of a still deeper unity of principle. Certainly analogies are too dangerously

fraught with fallacies for us to be unaware that they are the most insidious tools of fantastic speculation; but it may yet be opened to our skeptical eyes that these problematic identities which flash upon us at every turn in the realms of truth possess a significance which mere chance could never lend them.

In drawing these reflections to a close, we cannot refrain from a brief reference to two lessons of more than passing interest which flow from them. They aid us, in the first place, to a reasonable solution of that problem which has been for centuries a battle-ground of philosophic reflection—the Creator's relation to human progress. An irrational fatalism, arrogantly assuming to itself the guardianship of the glory of God, and an equally irrational philosophy of individual freedom, both equally intolerant, both equally wrong, have, with a zeal only more misdirected than intense, boldly shaped facts to accord with themselves, instead of seeking to bring themselves into a real harmony with the facts. It need scarcely be said that the phenomena of history—and they only, if we would arrive at the truth—must be made the basis of a judgment as to the nature of the divine control. If, as we have maintained, human progress is but another name for evolution in a higher sphere than material nature, then the growth of civilization in its every manifestation is not to be ascribed to direct divine interference, moulding events, shaping tendencies and inspiring motives. The part which the Creator plays lies only in His ordaining such agencies that their unhindered and unaided operation must result in that unceasing advance which, because as a grand result it transcends man's planning, we mistakenly refer to direct divine ordering. God has made civilization only in that He has made humanity. He is the author of the marvellous co-working of causes in producing intelligent results, only in that He has endowed man with intelligence and morality, and established an unalterable principle to control the relations subsisting between Him

and His institutions. Save for a few signal instances when the creative hand has stemmed the swelling current of events and hewed new channels for the world's activities, all that men have ever done has flowed solely from what they were. Throughout history as a whole, there has been no productive providence, save the providence of God's unalterable laws.

But our reflections teach us one more lesson—the great and needed lesson of hope. He who reads history aright cannot despair of the future of the race. Pessimism is but the shadow which gloomy thought casts upon events when it stands between them and the light of the principle which underlies human progress. The past of humanity vindicates its claim to our confidence in its future. Not alone because of its inspiring achievements, but because those achievements are the outcome of causes which resolve themselves, in their last analysis, into the unchanging final cause, and which are destined to become inoperative only when the sublime harmony of the universe is turned to chaos and confusion. No! the end is not yet come; and, thank God! it never will come till the end of all things is at hand. Let the race scorn an accursed pessimism which ignores truth only to terminate in unreasoning despair! Let it rear its faith upon the meaning of its history. It has come from darkness into light unled. It has built mighty systems out of self-discovered facts. It has proved its resources vast beyond all measurement. No difficulty has ever defeated it, no problem ever baffled it. If, on its onward march, hostile forces have arisen which, seemingly unconquerable, made it pause, it summoned to its aid the calm, majestic power of reformation, or hurled against its enemies the lightnings of awful revolutions till opposition fled in impotence from its pathway. And he who, in the face of such a past, and despite the unalterable principle which has controlled this grand evolution towards perfection, can say that our divine humanity has at length

exhausted itself, and that progress must turn to stagnation, can neither know the past nor comprehend the meaning of the present; and has not only lost his confidence in man, but must have lost with it his faith in Nature and in Nature's God.

CATULLUS.

TRANSLATION OF XCVI.

CALVUS, if anything grateful, if anything kindred to pleasure,
Piercing the walls of the tomb, gladdens the soul of the dead,
Thrilled by our tears for lost friendships and sighs for the heart's stolen
treasure,

Grief for the loves that are gone, hopes turned to sorrow instead,
Truly, Quintilia's spirit will never lament in such measure
Death in the springtime of life, as it joys that your love has not fled.

ROTA.

THE BALANCE.

BETWEEN the worlds of Life and Death, on the confines
of what we call living, there is a period of delerium, of
shadows and seeming, which sometimes leaves the sick one
as suddenly as the flame the match upon which I place my
foot.

It is precisely then that the veil between this world and
the world of immaterial things is thinnest; when an instant
—nay, a breath!—may rouse the swooning life or close for-
ever the gates of sense upon the soul.

At such a moment, who shall say how small a weight
may tip the scale from death to life—from life to death!

FIRST WATCH.

In the little coast village, far up the rambling street, there stands a stone mansion. You could not see it through the storm that all day long has rushed screaming in from the ocean, but for the light that sifts through the closed shutters of an upper window.

Within this room there are four figures—three of them silent but watchful; the fourth lies upon the bed, silent and unwatching. You would say he felt no interest in this battle which is being waged for his life. Looking, we see that the cheek is of so like a hue to the pillow it touches that, in the half-light, they blend.

Upon the table are phials and goblets. Listen! A watch is lying there among them. We can hear it distinctly.

SECOND WATCH.

Over the brow of the hill, scarcely discernable now, stands another mansion. By day, it is long and low, but now it seems to tower upright in wondering indignation at the onslaught of the winds. The white mist scuds thick about it, till its shadowy corner seems like the black prow of some ghostly spectre vessel plowing its way through ghostly billows.

But on the side turned from the storm, the blackness is relieved by a spot of light—a soft, red gleam, as though from an open grate—that shines from an upper room.

These two windows, the one from the mansion upon the hill and the other from the narrow street, look out toward one another as though trying to find each other in the darkness.

Midnight. In this latter room, half-kneeling, half-lying on the bed, a woman prays.

THE PRAYER.

"Thou canst do it—it is only to stretch forth thy hand, that is all—only to stretch forth thy hand!"

The wind roared and whirled about the house as though in mockery. "That Christ of yours, so calm and so high, what will *he* do?" and the wind laughed uproarously.

"O God," she prayed, "if it were something sinful—something I should not ask; but it is only to save one life—only one among so many, Lord; one whom I love. And it is because I love him!"

The fire had almost died; only a dull, red glare lived in the coals. Every now and then a drop of rain from the tempest without would fall down the chimney and hiss upon the ashes. The storm drowned all else—all except the clock that ticked away in the corner; just like Fate—never hurrying nor stopping, but going on, on, on,—“tick, tick, tick”—as though there were no tears nor breaking hearts about it.

And yet that old clock had seen much in its day. Many, many years it had stood there watching, watching; and many a tale it could tell to those who knew it best. Tears and laughter, the pattering of little feet and the measured tread of the pall-bearers, the sweetness of love and the bitterness of death, all had mingled with its life. In the daytime it stood observing, and all through the night it pondered what it had seen and heard. And there were few things that escaped it. The merry prattle and the childish griefs—it had heard them all—even the buzzing of the flies that the chubby fingers grasped at on the window-pane. On summer nights it had watched the moon-light with its flickering shadows of little leaves, as it came in through the window, lighting up the brown squares of the carpet and the tall bed-posts, and touching lovingly the rounded little limbs from which the checkered coverlet had slipped. Sometimes

too, when all was very still, it could hear the pines whispering together above the roof, or a faint, tired sigh as some little sleeper stirred restlessly.

And so it stood there on this night as it had ever done.

"Tick, tick, tick—look at me!" it seemed to say. "I have seen so much! Others have died, and were there none to pray that they might live? And what matters a few years; time goes on the same!"

And still she prayed, kneeling at the bed. "God, God! Answer me! Say he shall be saved. This one prayer, Lord."

"Tick, tick, tick," said the clock.

The voice grew hateful to her; it seemed as though it mocked her.

She rose up suddenly and seizing a cloak, threw it over it, hiding all save the massive carven base. It had mocked her long enough; it should see no more.

But underneath, the muffled ticking went on just the same.

THE BOOK.

She crossed the room quickly, and drew out the top drawer of her bureau. She took out a Bible—she would read what God said.

Opening it at random, she placed her finger on the page, and holding it to the fire, read aloud: "Is my hand shortened at all that it cannot redeem? Or have I no power to deliver? Behold, at my rebuke, I dry up the sea. . . ."

Still holding the book, she slipped upon her knees. It was not Isaiah; it was God who spoke to her. She turned the pages quickly—feverishly. Did they not say to her: "The prayer of faith *shall* save the sick;" "Ask and ye *shall* receive?" What did it mean? Did that mean only when God willed it? Was there a condition? Why was it not written there beside the promise? It was Christ—

Jesus Christ—with his eyes of love, that whispered down to her heart through the ages, “It *shall* be done!”

“‘If ye have faith,’” whispered the tempter. “‘If ye have faith *and doubt not*.’” When God denies the answer, does he not deny the power to believe? And (sneering) do you think, now, that your faith could move a mountain?”

She covered her ears as though to shut out the thought. Insincerity! To offer his child a stone when it cried for bread! To whisper a mocking promise he knew he would not grant! No, never! She would not believe it, and the tempting voice died.

“And all things, whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.” Ye *shall* receive! Ye *shall* receive! The words rang in her ears.

Then a cry broke from her: “Thou hast said it, and I believe. O God, I *have* faith—send me the answer!”

She cried softly, hiding her face in her hands. She was kneeling still before the grate, and the Bible lay where it had slipped, against her knees.

THE DREAM.

She lifted the book, rose up and went to the window; then drew the shade from before it and, leaning her forehead against the cold pane, looked out into the storm.

And, standing thus, suddenly a great peace fell upon her spirit. It had come to her—the perfect assurance—the peace that flowed like a river. She laughed softly to herself. It had been there all the while—that promise. Only to take hold of it, that was all. Simply to believe.

“I believe—believe,” she whispered. There were no tears now; all were blotted out in that holy calm that fell about her like a mantle. The wind still rushed and swept without, but there was no answering tempest in her heart. The cool night-wind that now and then penetrated the casement, seemed to her like God’s benediction upon her.

"This is thy answer, my father!" She looked out upon the storm and let the air play upon her swollen eyes and throbbing temples. How cool it felt! Like the touch of God's finger on the hot, passionate heart. She raised the Bible reverently in both hands and kissed it.

THE AWAKENING.

She turned as the door opened. It was her father, drenched with the rain. She went to him and clung to his hand, her face radiant.

"Father," she said, "he will not die. God has promised it to me."

She did not see the tears that came to his eyes, nor hear him say "Poor child! Poor child!" under his breath. She only felt his wet hand smoothing her hair.

Presently he went over to the window and stood looking out with his back toward her. The light in the mansion on the hill had gone out.

It was only for a moment, then he turned. If the knife must do its work, the wound is none the less deep for its being postponed.

"Annie," he said gently—she shivered—"Annie,—Allan is dead."

ROTA.

Through long, long days and weeks afterward she lay sick—sick unto death—but she came back. Perhaps it were better if she had not.

What matters it that Allan Windon did *not* die; that the stupor so terribly like death melted at last into a sleep of hope and life? What matters it that her old father, grown white-haired now with grief for his fatal mistake, would give his life to repair it? What matters it that he who had been her lover—a grave, quiet man—still hopes against

hope? What matters it? Ah, the helplessness! That is the bitter irony of it all.

At some time in his life every man hears the thunder of Juggernaut and feels the rush of its wheels. And each time *someone* bows in the dust and is crushed.

Allan Windon is still waiting. He often thinks of the hours he spent by her side, when the eyes he tried to hold turned from his with no spark of recognition—blind, unseeing eyes that, though they may smile at the bubbles on the water, now, in looking on the faces of those she once loved, reveal only the pitiful, hopeless look of one who searches,—searches, but never finds.

Yet she lives, and enjoys life; O yes! To live, in itself, is pleasant; to know the warm thrill of life—to feel the blood flow clear out to the finger-tips, to tell us we live. It is pleasant to watch the sun rise and set; to smell the warm breath of spring, and in the winter to watch the snow fall, flake by flake, and cover the earth, that looks so brown and withered and dead, with its white grave-clothes.

And it is well that she can gain such pleasure, for there is always something comforting in nature. We may question ourselves until our thoughts turn, like adders, and sting us; we may question God until the sky is filled with seraphim or with sneering devils; but we do not think of questioning nature. We take it as it is, and it soothes us. God is so high and so far, sometimes, that we poor, tired children only want to rest our head on our mother's lap and be comforted.

It is years ago that Allan Windon lay sick of the fever—years ago. The father died, a feeble, trembling old man, at the age of fifty-nine. The old mansion on the hill has fallen.

If Annie Gale should recover, Allan Windon would marry her, but the glamour is all gone.

He remembers once hearing her tell how, one day when very little, she caught a glimpse of a wren's nest on the

other side of the hedge. She could even see the blue eggs and the mother-bird fluttering over them. She longed—O how she longed! to hold it in her hand; but she could not go beyond the hedge. When at last she had permission, she was so glad that she ran all the way around, but she could never find it. A long time afterwards some one tossed it over the hedge, but she did not care for it then; the old birds were gone, and all of the eggs were broken.

He cannot help thinking of the empty nest; and sometimes, sitting alone, he wonders how it might have been if —. And in the last word he hears the echo of the wheel of Fate.

Annie Gale never sees him. On stormy nights she always sits alone, but by her face you cannot tell what she is thinking.

So, I think sometimes, she may be sitting when the end comes. I do not think she will tremble at the coming of one whom all men fear, for I am sure she will know then what here she cannot.

Nor can we; there is a terrible mystery shrouding what is to be.

THE BELL BUOY.

I.

AT the end of the reef the bell buoy lies,
And swings on the ground swells that on the shore
Are lazily breaking with sullen roar
Beneath the fairest of summer skies.
A single note from its brazen throat
At intervals sounds o'er the heaving deep,
Like a careful watcher afraid of sleep,
Who, lulled by the surges, for duty's sake
Was tolling his bell, just to keep awake.

II.

Above the surface the reef shows black,
And scarcely awash is the cruel rock

Where the wave crests break with a sudden shock ;
The tide's ceased ebbing, the waters slack ;
The seaweed hangs round the rock's sharp fangs
And coils in the foam like a nest of snakes,
To be tossed about as each great surge breaks
And covers the reef in a smother of white,
Then rushes ashore as if put to flight.

III.

There's a bank of clouds that is growing fast,
High up in the west, in fantastic form,
With the mutterings low of approaching storm ;
The sun is sinking, the day is past ;
As black as night in the fading light
The clouds in a massive line unfold
Like a velvet curtain that's edged with gold ;
As the white winged ships to the harbor flee,
The thunder rolls o'er the rising sea.

IV.

As the storm comes on with a fury grand,
A grey wall of rain hides the light-ship's gleam ;
The lightning flashes, its bright tongues seam
The face of the storm, like a fiery brand.
From the bell buoy's tongue a warning's rung,
And it clangs with a quleker and louder beat,
As the blinding rain in a slanting sheet
Heralds the wind that is following fast ;—
Like a charge of fiends bursts the storm at last.

V.

Then bell buoy reels, and with frantic peals,
In the swirling waters, with sickening sway,
O'er the roar of the breakers, through flying spray,
To the fiercest, maddest music flings
A pean from its throat of bronze, and sings :

Keep back ! keep back !
There is death and wrack !
There is woe ! there is woe !
Here lurks a foe.
I ring a knell—
List to my bell—
There is danger here !
Come not too near !

Keep to the shore—
More, yet more.
Here are many bones!
List to my tones!
Here's many a wrack—
Keep back! keep back!

VI.

The mariner knows, as he makes for land,
He knows the danger that lies before;
To save his ship from the reef's fierce maw
He must keep that bell on his starboard hand;
And he anxiously listens its wail to hear—
It tells in the darkness the way to steer.
So it raises its voice, and with louder shout,
Its words almost seem through the storm to scream:

Put about! Put about!
Hard a-lee! Hard a-lee!
Hearken to me.
Keep back! keep back!
You're on the track
Where ships go down,
And brave men drown!
Alack! alack!
They ne'er come back!
Their bones lie white,
Here hid from sight.
Pray, all you wives,
For sailors' lives—
Keep back! keep back!

VII.

When the morning breaks the fierce storm is o'er;
The billows heave in a sullen mood;
The sea birds circle in search of food;
There is more than drift-wood on the shore!
The old grey ocean, with angry motion,
Breaks on the beach at the cliff's dark base;
There is something there, with cold, upturned face—
The bell buoy sounds o'er the sweeping surge
And mournfully tolls, for it rings a dirge.

LONGFELLOW'S EARLIER EFFORTS.

IN HIS poetry Longfellow has accurately described almost all of the feelings common to mortals. We might run through the whole scale of human experience and not find a single occasion for joy or sorrow which he has not, with "singular and signal appropriateness, illuminated and embalmed." All his themes are taken from the obvious and familiar, but his spirit and style rescued them from the commonplace treatment of lesser minds.

We confess, however, to our surprise in finding that his earlier works are as exquisite in expression and thought as those of later composition, the latter being simply the finished product of the former. In his early life, Longfellow published "The Blank Book of a Country School-master," containing his efforts up to that date, and which, in his modesty, he did not admit into his collected works. The book is a rare one, possessed by few, and found only in large libraries. However, Longfellow's publishers have wisely set aside the poet's judgment concerning his youthful literary attempts, and since his death have given to the public much of the contents of the "Blank Book," as an appendix to the complete edition of his works. It is from these earlier works that we have selected a few examples in point of our assertions, and also to draw attention to these comparatively unknown products of his pen.

Our first example is taken entire. The school-master has reached that oasis in the week—Saturday afternoon—when he makes this heartfelt observation: "It is Saturday afternoon. Once more the school-house door has creaked upon its hebdomodal hinges; the dog-eared book yawns upon the deserted desk; the flies are buzzing and bumping their heads against the sunny window; the school-boy is abroad in the woods, and the school-master has laid his birchen sceptre upon the shelf, and with it the cares and solicitude

of another week. Saturday afternoon! Delightful season, when the mind, like a tired artisan, lays down its implements of toil, and leaves the long accustomed handicraft! How sweet, amid the busy avocations of the week, to look forward to this short interval of repose, when for a time at least, the grinding shall cease and the heart be permitted to indulge its secret longings and listen to the soft murmurs of its own wayward fancies! Surely the feelings of the school-boy linger round me still. I love the *dolce far niente* of a Saturday afternoon. It is an interlude between the swift succeeding scenes of life—the close of a seven days' journey; a golden clasp that shuts each weekly volume of our history; a goal where time pauses to rest his wing and turn his glass; a type of that longer interval of rest when our evening sun shall be going down; when our lengthening shadows shall 'point towards morning,' and we shall be looking forward to an eternal Sabbath!"

In this little bit of his earliest work we find all the characteristics, in embryo, of Longfellow in his entirety—"the picturesque phrase and turn, the gentle glow of human feeling, the stress of present experience and the moralized sequel."

We find here also some specimens of his early verse, which are much too good to resign to the oblivion which their author seems to desire. The first specimen is titleless:

"The moon a Virgin Queen
Reigns absolute in her celestial city.
One lonely star beside the western gate
Stands sentinel. All else around her throne
Submissive veil their faces; for in her
Reflected shine the majesty and light
Of her departed lord, the glorious sun.
The air itself is awed into a whisper!
And yet amid the stillness comes a sound
Like the sad music of a muffled drum,
Distant and indistinct. It is the voice
Of many waters down the shelving rock
Falling, still falling through the silent night,
Fit music for the solemn march of time."

Then closely following this—but no doubt a separate passage—is one of those tender ascriptions which so readily fall from his pen :

“ Father who art in heaven ! with contrite heart
I bow before Thee ! hallowed be thy name !
I have fled from Thee—but Thou hast not left me ;
I have scoffed at Thee—but Thou hast not cursed me ;
I have forsaken Thee—yet Thou hast blessed me ;
Forgotten Thee—yet Thou hast loved me still.”

It will be noticed at once that some of the lines in these selections are as good as any he ever wrote. The whole passage shows that the author's genius developed early and that his ear was by nature true. We notice here for the first time the phrase, since immortalized in the “ Psalm of Life,” of the “ muffled drum,” though in that case it refers to our hearts, which are beating, like “ muffled drums,” mournful dirges to the grave.

On the next leaf of the “ Blank Book ” we find some aphoristic paragraphs, for it seems to have been a receptacle for all the gems of his mind, whether poetry or disconnected thoughts, or longer prose ; this is the best : “ To be infatuated with one's own intellect is an accident which seldom happens but to those who are remarkable for the want of intellectual power. Whenever nature leaves a hole in a person's mind, she generally plasters it over with a thick coat of self-conceit.”

Immediately preceding the aphorisms is a paragraph which shows his thoughts in a more reverential mood, and if not separated by a dash from what follows would form a fitting introduction ; it is entitled “ Midnight Devotion,” and is as follows : “ If there be one hour more fitted to devotion than the rest, it is this ; the silent, solemn, solitary hour of midnight in midsummer. Not a light can be seen in the village—the world is asleep around me. How breathless and how still ! ”

The collections of obituary literature are so numerous at the present day that only the uniqueness of this specimen excuses its mention here. This is probably the best of his comic clippings. "The following is so surpassingly comic that it seems a figment of a waggish fancy, though I find it in a provincial newspaper; it is no invention of my own. Shakespeare has seldom been so travestied. He little thought when he made Mark Antony speak of the rent the envious Casca made, that he should be so misunderstood as to the following lines: 'The spoiler came. Disease rioted on her vitals; and when she thought to taste again the dear enjoyments of domestic peace, death—death, cold, cruel and relentless—death, with his envious Casca, closed the scene!'"

Closely following a striking story of a plagiarist, we find the following exquisite little aphoristic paragraph:

"POETRY.

"Helicon was once a fountain, but has now become a sea; and he must dive deep who would search for pearls of price. How many are contented to play with the pebbles on the shore!"

Space forbids our adding examples. We have presented those given simply as a lunch to whet the appetite for the unexpected feast to be found in those earlier efforts of Longfellow. Among all our poets he, by common consent, wears the crown; and, though dead, his publishers have full reason for giving to the public that which when alive the poet, with his high standard before him, reckoned juvenile. Indeed, it adds largely to our knowledge of the man, and even to our estimate of his literary character, to come upon this discovery. The world has a right to all the productions of so gifted a mind, even if the dawn be not as bright as the mid-day of his power; and if we have done no more than to bring others to share our surprise and delight, and to lead them to a fuller perusal of these dawnings of genius and prophecies of fame, we have reached our desired result.

THE FISHER'S WIFE.

I SHALL never see him more
On the sunny, sandy shore,
As his boat he drew beyond the breaking waves.
I shall never hear his song
As he brought his nets along,
Which had caught the tide that floweth
Where the sponge and sea-weed groweth,
And embraced the fishes fine
Lingering near the treacherous line.

How the waters thundered loud!
Tossing high their crests so proud,
As they rose, advancing, like tall pluméd braves.
Then they leaped, and crowded past
Barriers that once were fast;
Now with rush and now with creeping—
Lo—I found that I was weeping!
For the waters reached my door,
Flooding high my cottage floor!

I can ne'er forget the sight
On that dark and misty night,
When the waves my very threshold kissed with foam.
For upon the rising tide,
Through my doorway open wide,
Came a coffin, black and hollow,
Which a spectral light did follow,
Casting round a ghostly beam;
But—I found it was a dream!

When the early morning broke,
My fond love and I awoke;
And I pleaded with him not to sail that day.
But he heeded not my prayer,
Only left me standing there
Watching, as he sailed out seaward;
Lost to sight far off to leeward
Where I knew the sea was deep,
And the rocks were sharp and steep.

I shall never see him more
On the lonesome, sandy shore,
Where we often watched the ever changing sea.
For the fishers brought him home;
Wet his locks were with the foam;
From his eyes there came no gleaming;
Then, alas! I was not dreaming.
Still the sea spreads deep and wide,
But I dread the rising tide.

A LUCKY LIGHT.

IN THE autumn of '68 I was called to Baltimore on business which would detain me several days. Knowing of no one in the city with whom I was acquainted, my expectation was of a rather lonely visit, so that it was much to my surprise that no sooner had I alighted at the station than I felt myself somewhat energetically slapped on the shoulder and a familiar voice exclaimed:

"Well, Tom Lincoln, where on earth did you drop from?"

I turned around to find myself face to face with my old friend Northrup, who immediately began shaking me vigorously by the hand and expressing his extreme delight at the unexpected pleasure, &c. He told me that he had just come in from his home in the country to attend the fall races and he urged me to accompany him. As my business was urgent, I told him that it would be impossible for me to take the time until the following Monday, when I would gladly be at his service.

The next few days passed rapidly. Monday arrived, a fine, beautiful day, with scarcely a cloud in the sky. Will, with several of his friends, was to call for me at three o'clock, and we were to drive to the race-course in his buckboard, returning in the evening. I was looking forward to a day of unalloyed pleasure, for it had been some-

time since I had taken such a holiday. At about two o'clock I sat down alone to lunch, with feelings of impatience for the time of starting to arrive. Thinking that the waiter acted rather strangely I watched him closely, suspecting that he had in all probability made too free use of the wine-chest. He walked to and fro hurriedly and would every now and then come up as though about to speak to me, but would hesitate and turn away. Finally he came up close to me and asked :

"Mr. Lincoln, are you going to the races to-day?"

"Yes, Frank," I replied.

"Well, you mustn't go—you will be sorry if you do."

"Sorry! Why?"

"I can't tell you the reason, but you *must* stay away, as you value your life!"

"Must!" I remarked, surprised. "Well, I don't think I shall, though you do say I *must*."

"But you—"

"Enough! I wish to hear no more about it, for I don't believe in these vague hints, and if you cannot give me a sufficient reason for remaining at home, I shall most certainly go."

"Go, if you will," remarked the man, "but you will regret it; be sure of that."

As I went to my room I was informed that a gentleman was waiting to see me, and having given the boy instructions to show him to my room, I went up vexed at the thought of being detained by a visitor.

Soon there was a knock at my door, and in response to my "Come in," a priest entered.

"Mr. Lincoln," he said, "as you value your life, do not leave this house to-day. I can't give you the reason; but I have heard through a confessional, the nature of which, by reason of my vows, I am prevented from revealing, that there is a plot against you. Your life is in danger."

"But, my dear sir," said I, "you must be mistaken. I am but very little known in Baltimore; a few gentlemen, introduced to me by a life-long friend, comprise my entire list of acquaintances. Who could wish to harm me? I have no enemies that I know of—certainly none here. It is my expectation to go to the races with some friends, and to return here immediately. My stay in the city has been longer than I expected, because of this engagement, and can you expect me to relinquish this pleasure for a reason you cannot explain. Your apprehension is unfounded, I am sure; in the confessional to which you refer, some other person must have been meant."

"Do as you wish," he answered, "but this is no mistake. If you leave this house to-day you do so at your own risk. I have warned you. I have done my duty."

As he left I heard a familiar footstep, and Northrup came in.

"All ready, Tom?" he cried. "We've not a moment to lose."

"I am ready," I replied without hesitation; "come on."

Once started I threw care to the winds, and only thought of the afternoon's sport. Being passionately fond of racing, and not having seen any for a year or more, I was looking forward with relish to the afternoon's enjoyment.

"By the way, Lincoln," said Will, as we drove along at a rapid pace, "I have some rare sport for this evening."

"What's that?" I inquired.

"A supper in a haunted house."

"Capital; but where is the house? where the ghost? and last, but by no means least, where is the supper?"

"Oh, you lawyers are always raising objections. But I have found a house said to be truly and terribly haunted—one where you should see the ghost, if any one could, for it is the spirit of your martyred kinsman, President Lincoln. The house was formerly inhabited by the Surratts, and it was there the conspiracy was formed which ended in the

murder of the President. Some of the younger Surratts own the house at present, though they do not live there. I have ordered a supper sent out, and have got these fellows," pointing to our companions, "to make up the party. Now what do you say?"

"I say yes, of course."

"Very good; then we'll call it settled."

We had a delightful afternoon. All the races were good, and we set out on our return in high spirits.

"I should not be surprised," said Will, "if George Bingham had some scheme to frighten us."

"Why so?" I asked.

"Oh, well, you see he is a great practical joker, and when I asked him to join us he complained that he was afraid of ghosts. If there is any way he can rig up as a ghost and try to frighten us, you may be sure he will do it."

It was quite dark when we reached the house, but as the moon had risen we had light enough to see our way into what was to serve us for a dining-room. We then discovered that by some mistake the servants had forgotten the lights. Some one proposed going back for them.

"Pshaw," said Will, "the moon will soon be up high enough to give us light, and the ghost will be more likely to favor us if we have no other lamp but that of owls and witches."

"Well, then, suppose we fall to before it grows quite dark?"

While we were at supper the moon lit up all the room except one corner where the shadows fell darkly, and where there was scarcely light enough to reveal a door which opened into an adjoining room.

Supper over, we pushed back our chairs and sat conversing over our wine and cigars. Presently some one suggested that I should sing. I had taken a comfortable chair to which I had been shown, in the dark corner, near the wall, and was enjoying a good cigar. At first my inclina-

tion was to decline, but, as the whole party joined in the request, I finally yielded and sang several old college airs. I was about to begin another when I felt myself suddenly seized from behind, my mouth gagged, and myself precipitated through a trap door directly beneath me to the cellar below, the door closing noiselessly again with a spring. Some one caught me and the gag was taken from my mouth. At first it was total darkness, but soon a door was opened through which shone a flood of moonlight. I looked about me and could see that I was in a low room or cellar. The trap through which I dropped was not visible, but there was a flight of stairs leading to the first floor; also, the door opening into the yard without. About me stood several masked men. One, apparently the leader, approached and said:

"Mr. Lincoln, you have but ten minutes to live. We are friends of the Surratts. They were killed without mercy, and we have sworn to kill all members of the Lincoln family without mercy."

I then remembered Will's remark, that George Bingham would try to scare the life out of some of us, and concluded that it was but an elaborate practical joke, so I said, "Come, fellows, this is a pretty good joke, but don't you think you have carried it quite far enough?"

"You are entirely mistaken," replied the leader. "This is no joke. We gave you ten minutes to prepare for death, and the time passes rapidly."

Still thinking that what had occurred had all been arranged to frighten me, I asked, "Well, how do you propose to kill me? With dagger or pistol? Or are you going to hang me like Surratt? And how will you dispose of my body?"

The leader crossed the room, lifted a trap door and, pointing to a deep pit beneath, said, "We shall use neither rope, pistol or dagger. There we bury the Lincolns. But waste not your time with questions. One minute remains; your time is short, and any cry for help will make it shorter."

At the sight of the pit I began to think that they were in earnest and when I remembered the solemn warnings of the priest and waiter, who would not have joined in a plot to frighten me, my apprehensions seemed only too well founded.

"If you really intend to murder me," I said, "allow me at least a few minutes longer in which to prepare for death."

He left me for a moment, conferred with his companions, and returned. By his manner I saw that my plea was in vain. He glanced at his watch, shut it with a snap, and said:

"Your time is up."

Two of the men stepped forward to seize me. At that moment we were startled by a crash at the head of the stairs. The door which had been locked was burst open, and Will, followed by the rest of the party, sprang down, followed by the servants, who held a man whom I did not know. The Surratt party, the instant they heard the crash at the top of the stairs, ran to the door leading into the yard, and disappeared into the shadows of the shrubbery. The stranger, as soon as he saw that I was alone, breaking away from those who held him, called out, "They have deserted me," and sprang across the room, through the open door, and was gone.

After hearing my account of what had occurred, Will and our two companions treated the whole affair as a joke, saying that they knew George Bingham to be at the bottom of it; that he no doubt had visited the house, discovered the trap-door and the pit, and that when he heard of the party and that I was to be there, had played this trick on me. Although this may seem plausible enough, and I have no proof to the contrary, yet, from the warning of the priest, the uneasiness of the waiter, the sight of the pit and the solemnity of them all, I firmly believe that it was no joke, but that had it not been for an accident my body would now be in the pit under the house of the Surratts.

It seems that just as I had fallen through the trap Will, hearing a slight noise, possibly the snap of the spring catch,

turned around. Just then one of our companions, whose cigar had gone out, struck a match. In the flickering light which it cast, the dark corner where I had been sitting was made discernable. Will instantly saw I was gone, and at the same time perceived a ghost-like figure disappearing through the doorway. Supposing Bingham had attempted one of his jokes, he called out:

"O, you can't play that game on us, George."

The man started to run, but Will sprang after him and, overtaking him at a bound, led him out into the moonlight, where he discovered that he was a total stranger. Will, instantly imagining that I might be in danger, drew his revolver and told the fellow if he did not reveal my whereabouts it wouldn't take long to let daylight through his skull. The man, thoroughly frightened, replied that I was in the cellar, and added:

"You had better hurry, if you wan't to see your friend alive."

He then showed Will the trap, but as it was fastened by the spring catch they were unable to open it. In the darkness they for some time made futile efforts to find any entrance to the cellar. But, by the aid of matches, they at last found the door and arrived, as has been related, *just in time.*

If this incident of my life seems to any impossible, or even improbable, let him ask the old residents of Baltimore or Washington how many by the name of Lincoln have disappeared in those cities since Booth fired his fatal shot—disappeared, and nothing ever heard of them—and I think they will agree with me that this would, in all probability, have been my fate likewise, had not my friend's cigar gone out and caused him to strike what was, for me, a very *Lucky Light.*

VOICES.

THINKING.

IT IS STATED that the Cherokees of the Indian Territory are exceedingly thrifty and aggressive. A Boston gentleman, who has lately been traveling among them, is most enthusiastic in his praises. He states that he was surprised to find them so intelligent and able in conversation. They confessed that they read very few books and newspapers, and still they spoke in clear and forcible language and their talk was full of wisdom and sensible originality.

By observation, the visitor learned that they spent much of their time in meditation (the average Cherokees), and he was informed by an eminent educator at Tahlequah that this daily habit of careful and silent thought did as much for them as the study of books does for us. This may seem unaccountable to those who have risen from their books with red eyes and aching heads; but just here is a subject worth considering, if we will halt in our onward rush for knowledge.

A man who is anxious to learn, very frequently engrosses his time with books to such an extent that he hardly has a chance to digest what he has found or to form a private opinion which is sound and based on solid reason. Is it not true that many a man when composing an essay or oration will enter the library and too often transpose to his sheets, with a slightly different shade of expression, the thoughts which he finds in books upon the subject? The method most productive of good is to formulate some fair, honest ideas of his own, according to the faith he has been led to accept regarding the subject after reading pro and con.

If the Indian can profit by quiet thinking with the little with which he stimulates thought, cannot a man constantly

surrounded with the best and most advanced thought of the day to give him suggestions profit by meditation?

We are, perhaps, often deterred from performing this sober act of the mind from the belief that any conclusions we may arrive at will be immature, but it is just as sure that without such exercise our conclusions will always be weak and our judgments unstable. One of the primal aims of our educational institutions is to make a man think and enable him to think properly. Systematic, logical thinking broadens a man's mental vision, leads him to mine deeper, and makes him wise. Brilliancy does not supply the place of wisdom, and extempore judgments are not to be depended upon.

The machine way of acting, speaking and writing will not wear. Thought wins the day. Then, after mental development, we can honestly desire to exclaim, in the last words of the dying philosopher Herder, "Give me great thoughts."

EDUCATION BY ELECTRICITY.

THE marvels of the latter half of the nineteenth century have forced themselves upon us in such rapid succession that we have ceased to doubt the truth of any.

When we read every day of some new electric mechanism of which we should never have conceived, and then remember that that same intangible something is not only employed to assist a man to live, but also to die, can we wonder at the ingenuity which directs it to aid in the education of the race? The employment of electricity as an instrument in education differs so radically from the old, tried, orthodox method that its supporters have refrained from publishing accounts of it, since they feared the outburst of opposition which they

knew would inevitably follow; hence the ignorance of many regarding this interesting achievement.

Those who are pursuing experiments in this new line prefer to have the thing thoroughly tested before they open it to the public. The results so far have not all been so satisfactory as desirable, still sufficient success has been attained to persuade them to allow this short notice.

The instrument is most delicate in material and construction, and strangely resembles the human brain. Nor is this surprising when we learn that its inventor made a most careful and exhaustive study of the human cerebrum and all the nerves connected with it. The case is made to fit closely on the head, much in the same manner as a hat, and indeed it is not altogether unlike that article of man's apparel. Storage batteries are used; and when the instrument is adjusted, wires run down inside the coat or sleeves of the performer and join the batteries.

Consulting the reception of his instrument, as well as its success, the inventor has made the storage batteries much in the shape and size of books, which may be carried in the hand or safely hidden in the pockets.

When the experiment or process of education is to be tried, connection is made by means of very small, fine wires inserted in the subject's ears. Then the performer proceeds to exercise the tissues, nerves and various powers of his brain; that is, thinks. This agitation is communicated to the instrument upon his head and thence transferred to the subject, being tempered and regulated by the fingers of the performer in which are held the batteries. When a continuous current is used the subject can bear from 200 to 300 volts pressure, but with the alternating current a much reduced number is necessary. The different degrees of pressure must vary with the different constitutions of the subjects.

The great advantages of such an invention are patent at once to every intelligent man, and especially to every stu-

dent. It is much less expensive and infinitely superior to the Loiset Memory System, so popular a year ago. By the use of this means a student in college may neglect all study during the term, save what is sufficient to *interest* the professor during the recitations, then a night or two before examination he may call in an expert, and, settling himself in his chair, surrounded by all that is possible to make the ordeal the least trying, he may, by a quiet and pleasant process, receive all the instruction with which the professor has been occupied during the tedious hours in the dull and unattractive class-room.

A difficulty has been found to arise in some cases where the subject has been unable to retain the instruction thus imparted long enough to enable him to make profitable use of it; as, for instance, until examination. Certain *conditions* follow which are often perplexing, and seem to show a serious error either in the mechanism of the instrument or in the transfer process. As this difficulty occurs, however, only with a few subjects, the inventor has been led to believe that it lies wholly in the nature and mental calibre of the subject, and cannot necessarily be offered as an argument against the success of the instrument with others. Indeed, he has had more instances of success than of failure.

It is highly recommended to those who are just entering a college, and to those also who desire to pass more time upon the athletic field or upon outside work than they ordinarily could under the old system. It is truly a boon to students, providing at last that easy and "royal road" to learning which the old schools affirmed never could exist.

EDITORIALS.

NEW subscribers who have not received the May and June numbers of the present volume can get them without charge at the Lit. rooms. If anyone wishes to obtain back numbers of any volume or entire volumes, they can do so at the same place.

PROFESSOR ALEXANDER JOHNSTON.

THE NEW College year which in so many respects opens more prosperously than any of the many which have been welcomed in these pages, is nevertheless darkened by a sense of bereavement. In the early vacation Professor Johnston died. His funeral services were held in the Marquand Chapel, while most of us were far away and could only echo in our hearts the President's eulogium as we read it in our homes or on our journeys, the College collectively being unable to pay homage to his memory by his open grave.

It is true that none of us have known him in the class-room, the disease from which he died having been a lingering one, but he has, nevertheless, been a living influence and presence with many of us during our college lives. We were proud, in the first place, of his reputation which was so steadily spreading, and we read with eagerness the lucid volumes and treatises which had recently come in all too rapid succession from his busy pen. We were familiar, moreover, with the traditions of his class-room, in which from the beginning there had been the most respectful attention to his carefully prepared lectures, packed with

illustrations and vigorous in their homely applications—and this, too, in spite of the unpopularity in the homes of many of us of one, at least, of his economic doctrines. But we had learned not only to respect and admire him, but to love him, as we discovered the personal interest he took in our undergraduate lives, in our sports no less than in our work. It is difficult to estimate what we have lost in losing his intelligent, manly encouragement and criticism of athletics. No one understood more thoroughly the moral leverage on college sentiment and behaviour which could be secured by right management and success in intercollegiate games. He was always a wise and willing counselor, and in good report or in bad report never despaired of lifting and promoting college honor in our standards of manly virtue and fair dealing in championship contests. And to many, the steady light of his consistent, unobtrusive Christian life shone bright with encouragement in hours of doubt and despondency. We too, therefore, as well as those who so recently sat under his instruction, but who are now gone to larger but not more important spheres of duty, may be permitted to pay our hearty tribute to his worth and lay our wreath upon his "laureat hearse."

Professor Johnston was of Scotch descent, and was born in Brooklyn, New York, in April, 1849. He was, therefore, taken from us in his forty-first year, in the early maturity of his powers. About 1859, he moved with his family to Astoria, in the same State, where he was fitted at first in the public schools and later in a private one for college. On the outbreak of the civil war, his father entered the army as a volunteer officer, but after two years of active service he retired with broken health and moved, in the hope of finding a more salubrious climate, to Illinois, taking with him all his family except this son, who remained with his mother's brother to complete his education. We have sometimes thought that possibly the visits of our professor to his father's house, in what was scarcely more than the

frontier of settled life in the great West, may have developed in him many of those thoroughly American traits which were so remarked and admired, notably the humor of contrast and surprise which are so characteristically American, not to say western. He entered Rutgers College in 1866 and from the outset was a leading spirit in the life of his fellow-students. He was a thorough athlete and as he graduated in 1870 at the head of his class pronouncing, according to the custom of our sister-college, the valedictory oration, was himself a striking illustration of his own belief that honest work and honest play went well together. It may be well also, in these days of over-specializing in college work, to remark that his excellence was general, as he took, we believe, important prizes in both the classics and science.

After graduation he remained in New Brunswick to teach in the Grammar School and pursue further courses of study. A little later he entered the office of ex-Governor Ludlow as a student of law and was admitted to practice at the bar of this State in due time. In 1879 appeared his first book, the "History of American Politics." The next year he moved to Norwalk, Connecticut, and founded a school which he controlled until 1883 and which is still prosperous. While there he married, and finding the work of teaching more congenial and more lucrative than the practice of law, he devoted himself to the life-work of his profession with its attendant study and authorship. In November, 1883 he accepted the chair of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Princeton College and in December came to enter at once upon his new duties.

Of his success as a member of our academic corporation we have spoken already in words feebly expressive but sincere. His reputation as a public man rests of course upon his literary work. His "History of American Politics" was successful from the beginning, has passed through many editions and is not only widely read but remains a standard

college text-book. He was a voluminous contributor to Lalor's Cyclopaedia of Political Science, as is well known; but the laborious and painstaking nature of the work he did for it can only be appreciated by the specialist or professional publicist. These articles were written in Norwalk. In the years since he belonged to us there have appeared his "History of the United States;" the volume on "Connecticut in the Commonwealth Series;" "Representative American Orations," edited and furnished with introductions and notes by him; the articles "United States," "Washington," and others in the *Britannica*; several articles in the *New Princeton Review* on American Politics and the Constitution and numerous editorials for the *Century Magazine*. He left complete the manuscript of a "Shorter School History of America," which will soon be published, as well as another volume containing the *Britannica* article on the United States and the articles from the *New Princeton Review* on the genesis of the constitution. This last investigation and the Connecticut are certainly the most original and philosophical of his works and put him among the very foremost political writers of our time.

It is with unfeigned sorrow that we recall his death. We are the poorer by the loss of an able, inspiriting teacher and a true friend, the scanty ranks of genuine and original investigators in American history are thinner by one strong mind and industrious pen, the public is deprived of a trusted monitor; but our undergraduate life is at least richer in his pure and lofty example, in the many lessons of his short life and in the stimulus to unselfish patriotism found in the pages of his works.

THE CONFERENCE COMMITTEE IN PRINCETON.

THE idea of having an organized body of students to represent the students in the administration of college affairs, so prevalent among the American colleges, was not a mere ornament, added to complete a beautiful system. It had its growth in facts and principles which made it expedient and almost necessary. The spirit of representation, characteristic of almost every modern distribution of authority, and especially in America, led the students in the higher institutions to feel not only that they were able, but that they had a right to have a voice in the management of college affairs. But the authorities in granting the privilege were probably not actuated by the justice of the case alone. They saw the chance for assistance to themselves in the particulars of college discipline, they saw themselves supported by an enlightened opinion which would be spread among the students, they saw the elevation of sentiment among men so fairly treated, and they saw the educational advantages in that it would broaden the students and would teach them to overlook prejudice. It was with a spirit of this sort, no doubt, that the authorities of the various American colleges have been delegating to the students certain privileges looking toward self-government.

In Princeton the Conference Committee was an experiment. And after a trial of three years we can unhesitatingly pronounce it a success. At times it has seemed to be accomplishing little, and of but slight significance; but looking back over the time, a number of things can be recalled to show the college better for having had it. The first year it was a novelty, and its application was not generally understood. The second year it began to realize its privileges, and on several occasions it was able to serve well both the students and the college. During the last year its

work was mainly with college regulations. A number of new privileges were obtained, and several attempts, though fruitless, were made to change the examination system and the system for the sale of rooms. What may be done this year remains to be seen, but it will be much assisted by the precedents of the previous years and the committee will gain in efficiency as its scope becomes better and better defined.

There seems to be an impression among some of the students of Princeton, and among some who are not here, that the Conference Committee is a weak, nominal institution—a sort of concession granted to conciliate the students. It depends, of course, upon what is meant by weakness. If to be weak means to be unable to get the instantaneous approval of its every act by the faculty, the Conference Committee certainly is weak: if it means inability to change at once the regulations which the trustees and faculty, after longer and fuller consideration, have decided to be the best, it is weak. But strength does not mean obtaining whatever we ask. It may be that we ask too much. It is hardly to be expected that the trustees and faculty, who have an established reputation for wisdom and who have often before gone thoroughly over the same ground, will immediately give ear to, not to say approve, the measures of a new institution of their own creation which as yet has earned no such respect. But the Conference Committee is not weak. We cannot compare to-day with three years ago and say that, as a body, the students are not stronger by having it. We then had no interceding representative, we now have an organized committee for that purpose recognized by the laws of the college. We then had no right to call a meeting of any of the faculty, we now can summon their committee to meet and hear us. We then had no appeal beyond the faculty, we now have the right of appeal to the trustees co-ordinate with that of the faculty. But it may be said that the faculty will not comply with our summons or that the

trustees would not give any consideration to our appeal. That might in rare cases be true. We certainly have no military force to compel their obedience. Neither have they to compel us. Public opinion is what compels us. And public opinion is what we must create—by acquiring a reputation for good behavior and solid sense—to compel them. If the faculty continually fail to meet the committee, the college paper affords means of exposing the injustice. But rashness in its use should not be confounded with good judgment. If they do not accept the committee's proposals, that is a different question and justice and the good of all will determine it. The Conference Committee and this whole tendency for student representation is a great step in advance, and seeing that it is an advance, it ought not to be ridiculed because it is not a tremendous revolution. If before the students were almost hopeless, they are now receiving some recognition; and if at present on account of its infancy it is not as powerful as the faculty, there is no reason to believe that in time they will not acquire jurisdiction over many of the matters which to-day the faculty control.

COLLEGE DEMOCRACY.

SHOULD an Englishman desire to inform himself as to the democratic spirit of our country, he might read its expression in the Declaration of Independence. Should he be curious to know if the present Americans live up to the principles of their fathers, he might find it evidenced in the press of the day or at the caucus; but nowhere could he find it more thoroughly exemplified than in our American colleges. Among no people is democracy more thoroughly in vogue than among collegians.

The college man is democratic by instinct and conviction. He no sooner sets foot upon the campus than he is inocu-

lated with its pervading spirit. He sees around the grounds no thrones made of the almighty dollar or painted with blue blood; but he does see men respected and looked up to because of their noble qualities of intellect and character. He sees the myrtle wreath encircling the brows of those who are deserving because of merit and industry, whether in the physical or intellectual arena.

He who wins honors in the athletic field is a hero, whether his father is governor or merchant; whether his pockets are lined with gold or copper. In such a field all can enter, as they of old in the Grecian games, each man for himself, and each man receiving the reward due his success. Every man is mercilessly judged by his colleagues, and he who presumes to superiority because of ancestry or wealth, is soon compelled to wish he had remained at home.

Is such a condition of affairs to the best interests of collegiate education? On first thought we say, yes. On second, undoubtedly yes. On entering college the new student frequently finds, or thinks he finds, his ideal impersonated in an upper-classman. He may be of an athletic turn and admire an upper man's expertness and skill in athletic manœuvres; or, again, he may think if he can attain to such keenness and learning as So-and-So, who is most proficient in a certain department, that he will have accomplished much in his college course. How much better it is that such should be his ambition, and the fact that opportunities lie before him, if he will but improve them, than that he should aspire to crests, armorial bearings, pride of birth or wealth because he sees the positions such things secure to those who possess them beyond the sea.

Much better is it that a man's crest should be a well-trained intellect and his wealth a store of learning. We may congratulate ourselves that the democratic spirit in American colleges fosters this worthy idea.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

"And I must work thro' months of toil,
And years of cultivation,
Upon my proper patch of soil
To grow my own plantation.
I'll take the showers as they fall,
I will not vex my bosom :
Enough if at the end of all
A little garden blossom."

ONCE more it awakes! The old town yawns, stretches, shakes its locks and opens its eyes upon a new year. We cannot think of its sleep as having been one of pleasant dreams, in which have figured the enchanting places of delight, where sparkling fountains played, and cool halls and groves were situated, through which breathed perfumed zephyrs and softened light lingered. But it was rather the sleep of lethargy and dullness which resembles death. The drowsy noon of the year makes the old college town stupid and unconscious. It was not roused by any flood of gaiety or mirth to bring smiles to its lips, but while it slept, black clouds gathered and the Dark Angel came down, and taking by the hand one of its most honored and best beloved led him into the Unknown.

Who hath not sorrow? Who hath not tears? A day cannot heal death's wounds. Suffering, we strain our eyes if we may see him with his sombre guide as he disappears through the cloud. But he is lost to view, and we cast our eyes down, and, wrapping the cloak of regret about our hearts, muse in saddened silence. So much we looked for from him; so much we hoped for. We had so desired to enlarge our minds by communion with his great spirit, and this our wish was:

"May Age steal on with softly-cadenced feet,
Falling in music."

Only in a measure do we realize his loss, and only time will teach us that his place we cannot fill. Still the edge of sorrow is dulled when we remember that his good deeds at least live after him, and their influence is abiding. We may say with the poet:

"He shall not go, altho' his presence may,
And the next age in praise shall double this."

Now the blood courses more quickly, the pulse beats faster, and the town is alive with its old strength and vigor and ready once more to brave the winter until the deep thought expressed in Commencement week shall lull it to sleep again.

How varied have been our pastimes during the summer months! Princeton has been represented on shore and mountain, by lake and river, and even beyond the sea. Some have toiled and some have passed the time in idle enjoyment, but every one has been benefited by the long respite from the study and the class-room.

Perhaps some have followed the advice of that most excellent man, Samuel Miller, a former instructor in our sister institution, when he said it should be the plan of every student to read some standard works during the vacations. A few hours a day during vacation put upon some worthy books, such as histories or long poems or essays, would accomplish for a man a valuable addition to his knowledge and keep his mind from losing its power by reason of sloth.

Mr. Miller's book itself is an admirable one, written as it was to his sons in college, and hence touching on matters of vital interest to college men. His style is very easy and dignified, and the reading of the "Letters" alone will have a most salutary effect upon young writers. But his advice is more to be valued for it is honest, and having for its only aim the welfare of its readers. "Let no false shame," he says, "no fear of giving offence, no desire to conciliate friends, ever tempt you to consent to that which your judgment condemns." Like a kind father, who has the best interests of his sons at heart, does he instruct us in the conduct of ourselves during the most critical period of our young manhood. And indeed, how could he speak otherwise, when he occupied this very capacity at the time of his authorship.

He is a staunch advocate of the classics for those who would be thoroughly learned; would furnish themselves with "a happy instrumentality for entering and advantageously pursuing every other branch of knowledge," or would "become master, either in speaking or writing, of a rich, copious, exact, discriminating vocabulary."

Besides this, he advises the study of mathematics and English composition as the basis of a sound education, adducing examples to strengthen his position. Specialties may form the superstructure.

On such subjects, and on others of more general character, he writes in his charming manner.

As we look out upon this year of work, and in proportion as we are in earnest will we appreciate the words of this eminent scholar when he says: "Every one who proposes to grow eminent by learning should carry in his mind, at once, the difficulty of excellence and the force of industry; and remember that fame is not conferred, but as the recompense of labor; and that labor, vigorously continued, has not often failed of its reward."

The summer cannot always last. The days of passive joy, as we glide on the tranquil river or swing low in the hempen couch beneath the swaying branches that rock slowly in the arms of the breeze; or per-

haps wander by the murmuring sea upon the bright sands, or in the rustic lanes and fields and woods, where we note

"The lovely laughter of the wind-swayed wheat;
The easy slope of yonder pastoral hill;
The sedgy brook whereby the red kine meet
And wade and drink their fill."

Such days, I say, cannot always last, and it is well that they do not, for it is by being deprived of them for a season that we value them the more richly. This is a law of all nature and also of the world beyond. There is always a dark as well as a bright side. There is always a winter between the sowing and the reaping. There is always death between this world and the next. The sweetest bread is that earned by the sweat of the brow. Labor is the sauce of pleasure. So I think we may look forward to this winter's work as a great enjoyment in store for us.

Many men this summer have passed through intellectual experiences such as they never had before. Some have been compelled to decide what calling they will follow in after life. Some have been troubled upon questions of belief and doctrine, and others have been seeking after a true philosophy of life.

It seems to me that this last is the most important, as it is, in a sense, independent of the others. For no matter what occupation or profession we pursue, we must decide upon the best and truest way of living, or we will be unhappy creatures. And whatever our belief, we must live, and must decide how we can live with the least friction. Our beliefs, to be sure, are vitally connected with our living, for we act as we believe. But if we are content with our station; ambitious in a degree, not reaching out too far; willing to have competitors in the same field with us, and glad that we can contend with such worthy rivals; calm and judicious, and knowing that we will only be told to come up higher when we have proven we can nobly fill our present positions; and if we are philanthropic, we shall live so as to make the best of this life and gain happiness in it, and prepare ourselves with faith for that other shore which lies across the bridge spanning the Sea of Death.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"It is because our educational institutions are making permanent contributions to our American civilization that they are worthy of the best efforts of those who are engaged in their management."

—DR. PATTON'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

THE broadening and enlargement of our educational institutions, and the increased endowments which go far toward removing that greatest of obstacles—poverty—make it possible for every young man, who is so disposed, to obtain, in a short time, a better education than his father was able to procure in a lifetime of struggling and misfortunes. This fact has given rise to the question whether these increased facilities and this strong tendency of the age toward the minimum of work for the student for the greatest reward are desirable; whether they are productive of the best results in preparing him for the active duties of life, and in developing in him what latent energy and ability he may possess.

It is the common exclamation of those who have, through poverty and hardship, worked their way to a position of distinction or learning, "How much better would I have done, how much higher would I have climbed had I but had the advantages that the youth of the present time are enjoying!" And those of them whose struggles have not crushed out all the humanity of their nature are disposed to do what they can to make easy the acquirement of knowledge.

The question is, Is the desire a mistake? It is the opinion of the majority of thinkers on this subject that though in individual cases, given a strong physique, indomitable courage and that unknown factor genius, obstacles and misfortune serve to develop and strengthen the character; yet, in regard to the mass of students, these conditions would throw them altogether out of the race, and make them a burden on society. Thus the work of our colleges and universities is to help to positions of honor and usefulness those who otherwise would be trampled upon and destroyed in the rush of the age; and the tendency of the modern educational movement is to put upon a higher plane the whole body of the people. In doing this they show conclusively that in the opinion of modern educators the blighting influence of a hard struggle outweighs its training value, and this training is found in the work of mastering the *studies themselves*, and not in overcoming the difficulties in the way of pursuing them.

And now, as we turn to October's magazines, the change of subject is not a rude shock to our mind, for these form a very important part of that "modern educational movement" of which we are hearing so much just now.

MAGAZINES.

The Century Magazine closes its nineteenth year with a number for October, which, besides its leading serials on Lincoln and Siberia and the Old Masters, contains several papers of peculiar importance. One of these is a study of "Molière and Shakespeare," by the eminent French comedian M. Coquelin, accompanied with a frontispiece portrait of Molière as *Cesar*, and a portrait of Coquelin as *Mascarille*. We notice in the Topics of the Times an article especially interesting to us, dealing as it does with History and Current Politics, with special reference to the late beloved Professor Alex. Johnston.

From an illustrated article on "Base-ball—for the Spectator," by Walter Camp, we quote the following: "The history of college base-ball follows the line of the professional game very closely. At times the college men have been rather more conservative, and have clung to certain rules for a season or two after their abandonment by the professionals. In the end, however, in nearly every instance, they have realized the advantage of the change, and followed the lead set them. In the early days of the sport the collegians coped successfully with the majority of the semi-professionals, but even then, when they were pitted against the strongest, the college nines met with defeat. The first game of note between a college nine and professionals was in the spring of 1868, between Yale and the Unions of Morrisania. The Unions were at that time the champions of the country. The game was intensely exciting. At the end of the fifth inning Yale led, 8 to 4, but by the end of the ninth inning the Unions had tied the score and eventually won the game, 16 to 14. Frequently the score sheets of college nines show excellent fielding, but when these same men are brought to face the sharp, hard hitting of the professional batsmen their errors begin to multiply, and, in an inverse ratio, their hits diminish. The increase of errors is due to the difficulty they find in handling the fast drives of the trained batsmen, and also to the nervousness produced by the knowledge that they must play a quicker game. A professional gets away to first base far more rapidly than a college player, and the first sensation of a college infield on meeting a professional nine is one of hurry. A short-stop or third baseman finds that he has no time to 'juggle' the ball and then throw the man out, as he often can do with college runners. The ordinary college pitcher is no match for League or Association batters, and they find an easy prey in him. On the other hand, the skill of the professional pitcher readily balks the attempts of the college batsmen to find the ball, and only the best men handle the stick with any effect. The rest of the nine become nervous over their failure to judge the delivery, and before the end of the game apparently dread to come to the plate for their turn."

A generous installment of Mr. Bynner's serial, "The Begum's Daughter," which the *London Spectator* pronounces "a very powerful story," is the opening article of the October *Atlantic*. "A Non-Combatant's War Reminiscences," by J. R. Kendrick, contains fresh statements with regard to the social and political condition of South Carolina before and during the war, and many incidents of peculiar interest. The writer was a Union man. Another of Mr. Fiske's exceedingly valuable and readable papers on the period of the American Revolution is devoted to "The Monmouth and Newport Campaigns." William Cranston Lawton contributes an article on "The Closing Scenes of the Iliad," which is of special interest to all classical scholars, not only for his account of the closing scenes, but for his judicious remarks on the character and composition of the Iliad. An article which should be read by every individual connected with the government of this country, especially by senators and representatives in Congress, is an account of "The Government and its Creditors," by Mr. Henry Loomis Nelson. It is a record of the dishonest, shamelessly neglectful course of the government in its treatment of its honest creditors, and should rouse an indignant determination that the government shall hereafter at least try to be honest. Agnes Repplier, in an article entitled "Fiction in the Pulpit," takes strong exception to the theory that a novel should be in any respect didactic or have any moral purpose. A paper which just now will be read with great interest by a large circle of readers is one upon the late President Woolsey, by Prof. J. H. Thayer, of Harvard. It is an admirable description of a thoroughly admirable man.

Scribner's Magazine for October contains an exciting exploration article, in which Joseph Thomson describes his remarkable and famous journey through equatorial Africa; a very practical paper on the best way to improve the common roads of the United States; an end paper by "Ik Marvel," the author of "Reveries of a Bachelor;" one of the most attractive electric articles, showing modern applications of electricity to war, on land and sea; the end of Stevenson's great romance, "The Master of Ballantræ;" an unconventional travel article on Iceland; the second installment of Harold Frederic's romance of Colonial New York; with other interesting fiction and poems. Most of these articles are richly illustrated.

"How I Crossed Masai-land," by Joseph Thomson, tells in fresh and concise form the story of the author's wonderful journey in 1883, from the African coast to Lake Victoria Nyanza, over a route never before trodden by a white man, but over which Stanley recently made his terrible journey to Emin Bey's province. Gordon, when Governor-General of the Soudan, had pointed out that through Masai-land lay the route of the future for permanent communication between the equatorial province—now famous as Emin's province—and the coast. The British Gov-

ernment interfered with his project to open up this route, but the Royal Geographical Society sent Mr. Thomson to make the journey. The Masai, who hold this country, were reputed to be the boldest and most unscrupulous savages in Africa, and Stanley had said that the only way to cross Masai-land was "with a thousand rifles." Yet Mr. Thomson successfully made the trip with one hundred and forty men, and did not lose one of them by violence. His record of this perilous journey is a modest, clear, and rapid narrative, filled with the spirit of adventure. The illustrations, from the author's original negatives, give an adequate idea of the strange people and country.

Emin Bey's province will be fully described in the November number by Col. H. G. Prout, an American, who succeeded Gordon as Governor of the province, and was his trusted friend.

The complete novel in *Lippincott's* for November is called "Creole and Puritan," and is by T. C. De Leon, author of "Cross Purposes," "The Rock or the Rye," etc. In this, his last romance, Mr. De Leon has surpassed himself, and has painted a charming and graphic picture of West Point life, upon both its practical and social side. The characters of two young men, one an impulsive Creole, the other a cool-headed New Englander, are brought into fine contrast. These young men, though rivals in love and for class distinction, are sworn friends, and the development of their characters under varying environments forms a most interesting study. The war parts the friends, and at its close they meet at New Orleans. There is a capital description of a carnival, and also of an international horse-race. Nothing in recent fiction since the famous chariot race in "Ben Hur" can compare with the wonderfully realistic description of the latter exciting event. The scene of the story drifts to Egypt, and here Mr. De Leon shows himself as much at home as at West Point or New Orleans. The heroine of the romance is a lovely character, but contrasted with her is a wily, beautiful woman, who manages to do much mischief. The tale is brought to a close in New York city, where many tangled threads are unraveled, and an unexpected though just *dénouement* takes place.

The *Magazine of Art* has published nothing more interesting than the frontispiece of its October number. It has given us the work of greater masters, of painters of a wider fame, but of no one in whom art lovers take a more literary interest than in "Francesca" Alexander, an American lady whom Mr. Ruskin has taken under his patronizing wing. While we may not agree with the famous and enthusiastic critic that no one since Leonardo has drawn equal to Miss Alexander, we are ready to agree with him as to the charm of her pencil, and more than all as to the charm of her pen, for it is she who told us "The Story of Ida." "Maddonina," the frontispiece in question, is a type of the more refined peasant face, and is certainly beautiful. The opening article of the number is one of the series of "Glimpses of Artist Life," and gives an

account of a well-known art club of London. This is followed by a criticism of "The Sculpture of the Year," which, like the foregoing, is illustrated. Very timely is the selection of Jean François Millet as the subject of "The Barbizon School" series of papers, and very interesting is the portrait of this great painter as a young man, done by himself. Examples of Millet's work are given printed in black and white and in tints, among them a page reproduction of the famous "Angelus," which was recently purchased by Mr. Sutton, of New York, for upwards of one hundred thousand dollars. "An Artist's Holidays" is pleasant reading for this time of year, and the number altogether excellent.

EXCHANGES.

As we turn to these welcome visitors, from whom we have for three months been separated, we find the well-remembered occupants of our table sharing their places with new friends, whose possibilities in the future we can not estimate. Among the exchanges which came too late for notice in our June number is a double number of the *Virginia University Magazine*, comprising in one, the issues of May and June. Whether from this circumstance or not the number is an exceptionally good one, comprising two good essays, besides several poems of merit. From these we quote the following:

THE CRUCIFIXION.

" 'Tis finished now—that awful cry,
Ringing from God to God on high,
Telling a world of agony,
Has lingering died away.

" 'Tis finished now—at last is rest
Accorded to that weary breast
So often moved, so deep oppress
By others' griefs and cares.

" 'Tis finished now—and God lets fall,
As dies away that last dread call,
The darkness, as a fitting pall
For His Almighty Son."

In the *Amherst Lit.* for June, we notice an essay on the "Wordsworthian Idea," which brings out the accepted opinions about Wordsworth and his poetry. There are no new ideas expressed, but it is written in an easy style and will repay reading better than any other article of the number.

The *Dartmouth Lit.*, for September, is the first of our fall visitors to arrive, and we clip this little poem on "True Friendship" as being the best of its contents:

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

" Two bright rain-drops fell together
Toward the summit of a hill;
Happy passage till they sever,
Finding each a separate will.

" To this river, to that river,
Each one starts his different way.
'Wait,' cried one, 'I must deliver
One brief word while yet I stay.

" " This dear friendship sure will brighten
All my journey to the sea;
Speak, my friend, and will it lighten
Some small care as well for thee?"

" Then came o'er the hill-top flying
Words a few, but none more sweet:
'On your memory I 'm relying;
May we in the ocean meet.'"

BOOK REVIEWS.

MACAULAY'S ESSAY ON LORD CLIVE. EDITED BY VIDA D. SCUDDER.

WEBSTER'S FIRST BUNKER HILL ORATION. EDITED BY LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.

THE STUDENT'S CLASSICS SERIES. (BOSTON AND NEW YORK: LEACH, SHEWELL & SANBORN.)

Short text-books have been the pressing necessity of the modern school-room. And if there is one kind that is especially valuable to the student who wishes to cultivate a good style at the same time that he acquires a knowledge of the masterpiece of English literature, it is small books, containing standard essays, orations or poems, with "hints as to the study" of the special style which they represent. Two such works have been received of the "Student's Series of English Classics." The one is a study of the first of Webster's Bunker Hill Orations, and the other of Macaulay's brilliant Essay on Lord Clive. They each have the same general plan, embracing biographical sketches, lists of the most prominent efforts of the authors, hints as to the study of style, and full and excellent notes upon the work treated. In the latter a map of India is added, to assist in understanding the operations of him "who gave England India."

CYNEWULF'S ELENE. BY CHAS. W. KENT. (BOSTON AND LONDON: GINN & Co.)

The friends and students of Anglo-Saxon, and those who are interested in the revival of the study Old English, will welcome the appearance of this third volume to the "Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry." The book has been edited for a text-book, and contains the Anglo-Saxon text, carefully compiled from the standard editions; an introduction and excellent notes, as helps for the student; a very complete glossary and the Latin original. *Elene*, as a poem, is one of the simplest in Anglo-Saxon literature, and especially recommends itself in that some of the most interesting portions are of the author's own conception.

CYNEWULF'S ELENE. BY JAMES M. GARNETT. (BOSTON: GINN & Co.)

This is a line-for-line translation of the above poem from Zupitza's second edition. It will prove highly serviceable to the student and interesting to the casual reader, in that it gives a correct idea of Anglo-

Saxon composition. It contains, besides the *Elene*, translations of *Judith*; *Athelstan*, or the *Fight at Brunanbush*; and *Byrhtnoth*, or the *Fight at Maldon*.

THE LIFE OF LIVINGSTONE. BY THOS. HUGHES. (NEW YORK: JNO. B. ALDEN.)

Thomas Hughes seems not yet to have finished the beneficent work which he seems destined to perform for the world, nor does Mr. Alden lower the high quality of his handy publications. In shape convenient in print clear, in quality of matter the reputation of the author of "*Tom Brown at Rugby*" is a voucher that the book will meet with the approval of all. The biography has been made short, and filled with incidents and experiences and pleasant reminiscences of a life that has been peculiarly interesting.

RELIGION AND SCIENCE AS ALLIES. BY JAS. T. BIXBY. (CHICAGO: CHAS. H. KERR & CO. \$0.30.)

The nineteenth century has been the age of scientific inquiry; and as it advances, science invades the territory of the established faith. Even now it has become an absorbing question which will succumb and, if neither, how they will be reconciled. Mr. Bixby's excellent work—excellent because neither abstruse nor tedious nor filled with scientific terminology—deals not with the bare facts of either sense or religion, and questions not whether the biblical creation is the same as that of geology nor whether evolution is consistent with the idea of a parental Adam. But he sweeps a broader field. He defines both, confident that when rightly understood all antagonism will be eliminated. He discusses the common foundation of the two, the similarities of their methods, objects and results. The work is a philosophical treatment throughout, and gives an admirable statement of the question in a clear and accurate light.

LA SOCIÉTÉ FRANÇAISE AU DIX-SEPTIÈME SIÈCLE. EDITED BY THOMAS FREDERICK CRANE, A. M. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS. \$1.50.)

Mr. Crane's book consists of a selection of extracts from the contemporary French writers of the seventeenth century; not chosen for their literary excellence, but for the light they will throw upon the social development and social influence which arose in that century. It was then that society, as society, began to be cultivated; it was then that woman took her position beside man as an intellectual companion; then that the modern salon began its development and conversation became a fine art. It is of the social character of the period that the book treats. It is a study which serves as a commentary to such writers as Corneille

and Molière, and by which the Femmes Savantes and the Précieuses Ridicules are invigorated with a new life. The text is in French, accompanied with very full historical and explanatory notes, accompanied with a prefatory introduction critically describing the period and its prominent personages.

IS RELIGION DYING? A SYMPOSIUM BY W. H. PLATT, D. D.
(WASHINGTON, D. C.: W. H. MORRISON.)

This timely book records the conversation of all the well known thinkers of the day upon this most important subject, at an imaginary breakfast in the library of a literary gentleman, who directs the conversation of his guests along the line of the development and growth of the religious idea from Polytheism to "the religion of both worship and morality—Christ." In the questions and responses of the supposed guests (which are taken *verbatim* from their published works), the strength and superior merit of the religion of Christ is conclusively proved, and the question which gives the name to the book is answered in the negative. As giving in compact form the opinions of all the greatest thinkers in this most vital of all subjects, its value will never grow less.

KNICKERBOCKER NUGGETS. WIT AND WISDOM OF SIDNEY SMITH.
ZSCHÖKKES TALES. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.
\$1.00 PER VOLUME.)

The first of these volumes contains a selection of the most memorable passages in Sidney Smith's writings and conversation, which are a continual change of sentiment, and prove a most spicy and agreeable feast. The four tales selected from Heinrich Zschöкке's many excellent stories are representative of the best German talent in this direction, and, indeed, rank as equals with the standard works of authors of other nations. They have been translated especially for the Messrs. Putnam, and the last, "Walpurgis Night," has never been in print in the English language before. These same publishers have recently issued in different form from the "Nugget" series, GREAT WORDS FROM GREAT AMERICANS, which is the same as the "Ideals of the Republic" (issued as a nugget and which we have noticed before), except that they have added to this book Washington's circular letter of congratulation and advice to the governors of the Thirteen States. This book is of slightly larger size and less elaborateness of binding than in the former edition.

SEVEN THOUSAND WORDS OFTEN MISPRONOUNCED. BY WM.
H. PHYFE. (NEW YORK AND LONDON: G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS.)

This is a complete hand-book of difficulties in English pronunciation, and finishes the series of pronouncing hand-books by the same author. The two leading books in the series are intended especially as school

text-books. This, the final volume, may be used as an educator to "children of a large growth," or as a reference book in the library of the gentleman. It includes an unusually large number of proper names and words and phrases of foreign origin. Its treatment of mooted questions is firm and authoritative, and the author does not shrink from the difficult, as do so many, but his book is the dispenser of true enlightenment in this line. It has true worth and meets with the approval of all the greatest authorities on the English language.

THE WEST INDIAN HURRICANES AND THE MARCH BLIZZARD, 1888. BY EVERETT HAYDEN. (NEW YORK: FOREST AND STREAM PUBLISHING CO. \$1.50.)

Since so many private gentlemen own and manage yachts during the summer season, it is becoming to them to understand the principles governing storms at sea. The present treatise is an abstract of a lecture delivered before the Seawanhaka Yacht Club of New York. It is a practical treatment of the subject and is furnished, in connection with the text, with twenty-three plates, giving important information requisite to the safe navigation of a vessel in West Indian waters.

THE PROBLEM OF THE NORTHMEN. BY EBEN N. HORSFORD-(THE AUTHOR, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.)

This is in the form of a letter to Judge Daly, President of the American Geographical Society, on the opinion of Justin Winsor that, "though Scandinavians may have reached the shore of Labrador, the soil of the United States has not one vestige of their presence."

The author proves in a logical way that "Massachusetts is still open to students of its geography and early history;" and on account of the interesting information regarding the explorations and settlements of the Norsemen in the New World, it will be read with avidity by students of history. The text is embellished by many maps and by a few heliotypes representing ruins and other evidences of Norse occupation.

TWO GREAT RETREATS OF HISTORY. GROTE AND SEGR. (BOSTON: GINN & CO.)

Messrs. Ginn & Co. have issued another volume in their "Classics for Children" series, which contains Grote's account of the Retreat of the Ten Thousand, and Count Segur's narrative of Napoleon's Retreat from Russia. Notes and maps are given, illustrating the two routes, and each selection is prefaced with an Introduction, which gives all the information necessary to the proper understanding of the accounts which follow. These selections form one of the most valuable of this series and make the book fit, not only for the nursery, but also for the family reading room. It is a book which every family should possess.

A HOLIDAY TOUR IN EUROPE. BY JOEL COOK. (PHILADELPHIA: DAVID MCKAY.)

This is a new edition of Mr. Cook's "Holiday Tour," which was so well received ten years ago. The new and beautiful binding, and the engravings which have been added to the subject-matter, increase the pleasure with which we read the book and make its contents more intelligible to one who has not seen for himself the scenery therein portrayed. The style and contents of these letters are too well known to need description, and we can only say that the next best thing to going to Europe oneself is to read these letters descriptive of Mr. Cook's tour.

ELEMENTARY LESSONS IN HEAT. BY PROF. S. E. TILLMAN. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co. \$1.80.)

These lessons have been prepared by Prof. Tillman to meet the requirements of a seventy-hour course in the U. S. Military Academy. The material is that which will be of most practical use to the student, and is set forth in a clear, concise manner and in a logical arrangement which makes it most easy of acquirement and retention. It is a valuable textbook for those who wish to acquire, in a short time, a comprehensive view of the subject of heat, but is not at all exhaustive.

THE A B C OF ELECTRICITY. BY W. H. MEADOWCROFT. (NEW YORK: F. F. LOVELL & Co.)

While there is no lack of advanced text books on this subject, we have noticed that there is need of an elementary book, which has been filled by this volume. The book is intended especially to give the discoveries and advances in this science of the last ten or twelve years in a more condensed and compact form than is to be found in the advanced text books on this subject. Mr. Thomas A. Edison approves of the treatment and says that the facts given therein can be relied upon.

THE ACADEMIC ALGEBRA. BY BRADBURY & EMERY. (BOSTON: THOMPSON, BROWN & Co.)

This is an excellent text book and calculated to prepare thoroughly a man for college. It is especially designed to meet the demand for a fuller treatment of factoring and for a higher treatment now required in our high schools. We especially commend the treatment of positive and negative numbers, and of the interpretation of negative results, and of

the forms $\frac{0}{A} \frac{A}{0}$ and $\frac{0}{0}$.

THE WATER-SPIRIT'S BRIDE. BY CHAS. J. BAYNE. (NEW YORK: JOHN B. ALDEN.)

Mr. Bayne is a Georgian of eighteen summers. His poems show that his poetic genius has not matured but in many places gives evidence of

natural ability. These children of his brain are, he informs us in a very happy preface, "The Autobiography of his Soul," which has, he leads us to believe, been harassed by "joy and grief, love and hatred, hope and fear." Perhaps a few lines will serve the purpose of showing one phase of his style:

"Fair faces, too, are blushing there,
Kissed by the fragrant summer air;
While, like so many Graces, all
Linked hand in hand, pursue the ball.
O, vision of transcendent mirth,
Can such delight belong to earth?"

AN HONEST HYPOCRITE. BY EDWARD DE GROTE TOMPKINS. (NEW YORK: CASSELL & Co. 50 CENTS.)

Among many of the younger novelists of to-day there is a tendency to write their novels and then select as striking a name for the title as possible. They seem to be free from any conception of the higher motives of the novelist, and care even less about the more artistic aim of portraying a fine character in a picture of real life. Only in the name of his book does Mr. Tompkins come under this censure. That certainly is striking, almost a paradox, but he has not lost sight of the duty of a novelist, nor lacked ambition or ability to paint a fine picture.

KING'S HANDBOOK OF NEWTON. BY M. F. SWEETZER. (BOSTON: MOSES KING CORPORATION.)

Contains the most notable and interesting facts pertaining to the fifteen villages which together form "The Newtons," the garden city of Massachusetts. It is written in a simple, entertaining and trustworthy manner, and made attractive by many illustrations.

CLEOPATRA. BY H. RIDER HAGGARD. (NEW YORK AND CHICAGO: RAND, McNALLY & Co.)

Mr. Haggard appears before us in this, his latest production, in his best form. We note the same wealth of imagination, power of description, fine command of the English language and flavor of the marvelous which characterize his world-renowned "She." Added to this, he takes for his heroine an historical beauty, round whose name have always clustered tales of love and treachery. There is certainly nothing highly instructive in this novel, but one cannot read its pages without absorbing interest, and feels that the author is a master of his art.

THE TENTS OF SHEM. BY GRANT ALLEN. (CHICAGO AND NEW YORK: RAND, McNALLY & Co.)

In this age, when cheap and flashy novels flood the country, we soon learn to appreciate true merit wherever seen. This work is one of the

best ever published by this company, both in spirit and in letter. The scene is laid in the Kabyle Hills, and the heroine is a half-English, half-Kabyle maiden, who wins our hearts at first introduction. The tone is high, and the book will repay reading.

FIRST STEPS IN ENGLISH LITERATURE. BY ARTHUR GILLMAN.
(A. S. BARNES & Co.)

Mr. Arthur Gillman's "First Steps in English Literature," which was first published about twenty years ago, has just been revised by the author and put on the market. He purposely excludes extracts, but supplies a list of editions. Mr. Gillman gives a philosophic outline, with brief accounts of writers both in England and America, and does not dole out admiration and literary criticism with a spoon. The scheme at once met approval from the most capable instructors, and the book has held its place in many schools since its first appearance.

The same publishers also announce "The Three Germany's," by Mr. Theo. S. Fay, a book of much merit and calculated to become a standard work.

A NAMELESS WRESTLER. BY JOSEPHINE W. BALIS. (PHILADELPHIA: J. B. LIPPINCOTT & Co., \$0.50.)

A book especially attractive to those interested in the great Northwest. The plot is laid in the State of Washington, and in its development brings out some of the most attractive features of the Pacific Coast. The story, while it embraces of a love element, yet contains some graphic descriptions of the rough and readiness of frontier life. The heroine, Juan Fennimore, after bearing her many crosses, in the end shines out in the full beauty of womanhood. The story is one of interest throughout.

THE ELIXIR OF LIFE. (BOSTON: J. G. CUPPLES Co. \$0.50.)

All reading classes have at the present time been interested, either by the medical or secular press, or both, in the results, method and promise of Dr. Brown-Sequard's recent striking experiments with an agent popularly known as the "Elixir of Life." This little book has been compiled to give the opinions of all classes, placing within reach of all, in a handy and condensed form, all facts of interest connected with the subject. It contains "Dr. Brown-Sequard's own account of his famous alleged remedy for debility and old age, Dr. Variot's experiments, and contemporaneous comments of the profession and the press."

WHAT IS TRUTH? BY THE DUKE OF ARGYLL. [NEW YORK: ANSON D. F. RANDOLPH & Co.]

This is one more contribution to the discussion of a subject upon which so much has been written and so much thought expended. It is

a subject which will ever deserve investigation and which each generation will of necessity ask itself. This treatise is in the form of a lecture delivered by request to the students of the University of Edinburgh. After treating of Truth in the abstract and defining it, starting with the definition offered by George H. Lewes, the author proceeds to apply analysis, which he, with much elaboration, argues is the best method in seeking truth, to three departments, namely, that of Politics, that of Physical Science, and that of Religion. He closes by showing how perfectly his conception harmonizes with the definition with which he began.

THE MORGESONS. BY ELIZABETH STODDARD. (NEW YORK: CASSELL AND COMPANY, LIMITED.)

This little story comprises a detailed account of the various changes in the fortunes of "The Morgesons," a very peculiar family, whose members could never understand each other.

Cassandra Morgeson, who tells the story, relates some quite pleasant incidents in connection with her boarding-school life. The story is decidedly New England in its coloring, and brings out some peculiar customs of a quarter of a century ago in that interesting section of our country.

The style is pleasing, and, as a whole, the book is capable of affording considerable amusement to its readers.